

NEW PLAYS: MARIE TEMPEST AT THE BROAD TONIGHT; CLIFTON CRAWFORD AT THE LYRIC

HIST! HIST!! HIST!!! A VERY MOVING PICTURE MYSTERY IN EIGHT EXTRAVAGANT EPISODES



The dark secret concealed within this girlish head belongs to Lenore Ulrich, Pallas-Paramount star of "The Intrigue." To learn it you must visit the Stanley next week.



Who? Why, "Her Soldier Boy," Clifton Crawford, turning his back on New York for Lyric patrons.



The mystery in this picture is how Charlotte, skater star of the Hippodrome show, "Hip! Hip! Hooray!" got into the water. The answer, the ice couldn't resist the summer sun. But, emboldened by the fall weather, it is now practicing freezing again at the Metropolitan Opera House.



The missing jewels! Guess again. They're just the sole support of Fashion's evening gown in "Experience." Adelphe audiences found that out long ago. (Pat applied for.)

U. S. Vivacity Tickles Tree, Actor-Knight

East and West of These States as Seen by Englishman

(The following article, printed in a London paper, is the product of one of England's most famous writers, who has passed for the movies in California, and who is due in New York in a few days. While in the United States this season Sir Herbert will present Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" on tour in the principal cities. He will open his season October 15 in New York. The next will be "The Merchant of Venice" at the Lyric, and "The Merry Widow" at the Grand.)

By SIR HERBERT TREE

THE face, or shall I say, the surface, of America has entirely changed since I first made its acquaintance, twenty years ago. New York largely dominates the current of the nation's life, colors the atmosphere and dictates its fashions.

The striking impressions one receives on arriving in New York City are its architecture and its luxury. Geographical necessity was the mother of the skyscraper. By day these giant towers convey an impression of garish splendor; at night they are spectrally imposing.

Shortly after my arrival in America I started for California in order to fulfill a contract to present "Macbeth" in a series of moving pictures.

At Los Angeles the Mayor welcomes me I undergo the inevitable mental vivisection at the hands of the representatives of the press, and am asked to a banquet given by the Los Angeles Examiner, to which the leading citizens were invited.

The interviewing, which is more a cross-examination than an examination-in-chief, being over, I am asked to a banquet given by the Los Angeles Examiner, to which the leading citizens were invited.

At the studio, as our car stops, we are surrounded by a motley crowd, all painted and costumed, among whom are red Indians, cavaliers, moderns, gorgeous Babylonians, and cowboys. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion as a half-dozen cowboys fire their pistols in the air. This is a welcome!

Recovering from the shock and finding myself, happily, unharmed, I raise my hat to the cheering crowd. My instinct tells me that I am in the midst of a democratic society.

A fair-haired little boy, five years old, approaches. He is, I afterward discover, one of the most popular film actors. The infant phenomenon wears a long garment, on which is sewn in large letters the word "welcome," and coming toward me with extended hand, at once puts me at my ease by saying:

"Pleased to meet you, Sir Tree."

By way of making conversation, I venture:

"And how has the world been using you these last few years?"

With a world-weary shrug of the shoulders, it replies:

"Well, I guess this world's good enough for me. It is a land of many babies, but few children."

I believe the art of the moving picture

Horrors! The rack and wheel of the Inquisition about to shatter poor Norma Talmadge! Oh, no! Just part of the developing machinery out at the Fine Arts Studio, where the Victoria's next film, "The Social Secretary," was made.

has not yet found its feet. It has hitherto been largely imitative of the theater. It is likely that a natural cleavage between the spoken and pictorial drama will take place. In England we have no conception of the vast influence of the moving-picture industry in America, where it has become part of the national life of the people. There is at home a tendency to sneer at the serious work which is undertaken by such striving artists as Mr. Griffith; witness the brilliant ridicule by which the film of "Macbeth" was anticipated.



The world's most popular comedian is at the other end of the broomstick. Consult "The Pawnshop," at the Arcadia, Stanley, Palace, Victoria, etc., etc., to learn the rest.



What boots it? as Milton remarked, anticipating the dancing craze. Since a "Sybil" answer turneth away wrath, let us confess that they belong to Joseph Cawthorn, Julia Sanderson and Donald Brian, and they point unmistakably to the Porrett.

The Theatrical Baedeker

Marie Tempest at Broad Tonight—Clifton Crawford Coming to Lyric in New Opera by Composer of "Sari"

BROAD—"A Lady's Name," with Marie Tempest. A new comedy by Cyril Harcourt, author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and "The Intruder," with the delightful English comedienne in the role of a woman-novelist. The piece, which enjoyed a New York run last season, will open tonight. W. Graham Browne is the leading man.

LYRIC—"Her Soldier Boy," with Clifton Crawford, John Charles Thomas and Margaret Romaine. A musical play, with a score by Emmerich Kalman, composer of "Sari" and "Miss Springtime"; libretto by Victor Leon, author of "The Merry Widow." American version by Rida J. Young. In the cast: Clarence Harvey, Cyril Chadwick, Harold Visard and Lillian Tucker.

AT POPULAR PRICES

WALNUT—"Little Popsy O'Moore," with Hilda Morgan. An American comedy-drama dealing with politics, love and finance, produced by Halton Powell. A good company is promised. Matinee will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

KNICKERBOCKER—"Madame Spy," with Herbert Clifton. A play of international complications by Leo Morrison and Harry Clay Blaney, with a well-known female impersonator in the central role. Matinee Thursday and Saturday.

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE—"The Birth of a Nation," with Henry B. Walthall, Lillian Glah, Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, Elmer Clifton and Griffith players. The engagement of the photodrama has been extended for two more weeks because of popular demand.

CONTINUING PLAYS

GARRICK—"The House of Glass," with Mary Ryan. Max Marcin's drama of criminals pursued, unjustly, by the law, with a tinge of circumstantial evidence.

FORREST—"Bybill," with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn. An imported operetta with a pretty feminine star, an agile dancing star and a comic star who can make two jokes grow in the place of one. The score is pretentiously orchestrated.

ADELPHI—"Experience," with Ernest Glendinning and a large cast. A modern morality play that is graced with more humaneness than some of its predecessors. The acting of Mr. Glendinning is superb.

NEW PHOTOPLAYS

STANLEY—"The Intrigue," with Lenore Ulrich, a Paramount, by Julian Crawford. First time, directed by Frank Lloyd; Views of Philadelphia Firemen's School, sanctioned by Mayor Smith, Charles Chaplin in "The Pawnshop," and traveling first half of the week. "The Storm," with Blanche Sweet, a Lasky film; "Seeing America," and other attractions, latter half of the week.

ARCADIA—"Manhattan Madness," a Fine Arts Triangle, with Douglas Fairbanks, all week. In the cast, Jewel Carmen, George Beranger and Macey Harlam. Much is expected of this photoplay, which is heralded as one of the most exciting and music in which Mr. Fairbanks has appeared. Also Mr. Chaplin in "The Pawnshop."

ROBERT—"The Hidden Star," with Ethel Clayton and Holbrook Bliss, a World production. First time, directed by Fred S. Brantley. "The Dawn of Love," with

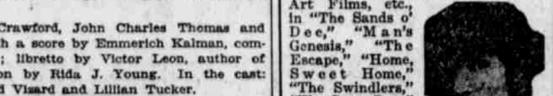
of week. "The Reward of Patience," with Louise Huff, a Famous Players; "The Pawnshop," and views of Philadelphia Firemen's School, latter half of week.

VAUDEVILLE

KEITH'S—"The Four Husbands," thumb-nail musical comedy, with book by Will

CLOSE-UPS

MAE MARSH, leads, Fine Art Films; born in Madrid, N. M., 1897; educated convents in San Francisco; moving picture career, Biograph, Reliance-Majestic, Fine Art Films, etc., in "The Sands of Dee," "Man's Genesis," "The Escape," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Swindlers," "The Great Day," "The Birth of a Nation," etc. Favorite recreations, gardening, needlework, china and oil painting, etc.; height, 5 feet 3 inches; gray eyes, auburn hair. Studio address, Fine Art Films, Hollywood, Cal. At the Chestnut Street Opera House for two more weeks in "The Birth of a Nation."



Mabel Tallaferra, a Metro, not hitherto seen here, latter half of week.

VICTORIA—"The Social Secretary," with Norma Talmadge, a Fine Arts Triangle, by Anita Loos and John Emerson, first half of week. "The Dawn of Love," with Mabel Tallaferra, a Metro, and "His Lyric Heart," with Ford Sterling, a Keystone, latter half of week. "The Pawnshop," with Charles Chaplin, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

PALACE—"The House of Love," with Edna Goodrich, a Morosco feature; "The Pawnshop," with Charles Chaplin, and last episode of "Gloria's Romance," first half

M. Hough and music by William B. Friedlander; Muriel Worth in dances; Marion Weeks, coloratura soprano; "A Breath of Old Virginia," with Genevieve Cliff and company; Fred Whitfield and Marie Ireland, in "The Belle of Bingleville"; Hans Hanka, pianist; Loney Haskell; Appale's Zoological Circus, and Sell-Tribune news pictorial.

GLOBE—Forty California boys in military drill, mass and rhythm running and glass tumbling; Svengali and Milla Helent, in telepathic feats; Schwartz Brothers and company, in "The Broken Mirror"; Ed. Omar, aerialist; Alvin and Williams; Dow and Jones and Gray; the Carroll Gillette trio and McDonnell and Rowland.

WILLIAM PENN—"Marcelle," musical comedy; Tommy Ray; Billy Tuite's "Collegeians"; Val and Ernie; "The Thoroughbred"; photoplay, first half of week; "The Boarding School Girls," Ingles and Rowing; McInosh and his maids; Brown and McCormick; "Gretchen, the Greenhorn," photoplay, latter half of week.

CROSS KEYS—"The Moderna Opera Company; Goldsmith and Pinar; Lanning and Foster; Willard and Bond; Thornton and Corlew; Bob Tip and company, first half of week. "A Romance of the Underworld"; Carlisle's equine circus; Harry Anger and King; the Four Palmettes; three Harmonists, latter half of week.

GRAND—"Woodrow"; "September Morn"; the Misses Hill and Eckler; "The Two Rubes"; Hugh Macormack and Grace Wallace; "An Artist's Studio," and motion picture.

MINSTRELS

DUMONT'S—New specialties will be added to the current blackface program, with all the old favorites on hand.

Criticizing the Critic Is Every Playgoer's Job

THERE are a good many reasons for not trusting dramatic critics. And all of them haven't got to do with the fact that some remember the advertiser to keep him holy.

Take this week, for instance. "The House of Glass" was duly illuminated at the Garrick Monday evening. The next day the Evening Ledger's critic had the unpleasant job of discovering that he was in a minority of one. There were differences of opinion among the critics who liked the play. But they all liked it—just as the audience had done.

Now I could produce a good many explanations, but they would only be repetitions of what I wrote on Tuesday: The play hasn't the punch of good old melodrama or the complete human power and truth of genuine drama; it lets you guess its successive situations and doesn't back them up with deep reality.

That seems to me a sound diagnosis. I think it goes deeper than popular approval, for popular approval may be won by a bastard piece of art and lost again when the public has had more experience of it. But, after all, it is personal opinion and it is not the public's.

There lies the dilemma. The critic's opinion is only one man's opinion at one moment of time. He is a trained individual. But he is also a prejudiced individual—just like any other playgoer. He sees more plays than his readers and he ought to have a broader knowledge of dramatic literature and dramatic history. But he sees them from his own point of view. And the very fact that his knowledge makes him go deeper than the average playgoer sets off his opinion as still more personal and different.

Obviously, then, there are only two excuses for the critic. One is educational: the playgoer should develop a broader point of view by the comparison of his own opinions and the critic's. But that would be a poor excuse on a daily paper, where the reader expects guidance, not post-mortem education.

The other excuse is complete and potent. The playgoer who reads his critics carefully—and reads them consistently—learns as much about them as he does about the plays. He learns their knowledge or lack of it, and he learns their prejudices. He weighs their opinions in the balance, just as they weigh the plays. And by his choice of plays he writes his own criticism of the critics. Know your critic and follow his work. But don't follow his advice. Interpret it. K. M.

THE POET'S CHEST-NUT IS HER OWN FAMILY TREE

Margaret Romaine, featured as the dainty Mariene Delaunay in the Leon-Kalman musical play, "Her Soldier Boy," at the Lyric, rejoices in the family name of TOUT. Rejoices may be said ad-verbally, as the name has come to mean a great deal in the world of music and the theater, even not counting the name of the famous Milanese home of grand opera, La Scala, and is a personage of the highest ranking in European music. Another sister is a concert singer of note abroad, a third is the beautiful Hazel Dawn, of current musical comedy and "revue" fame, while a fourth—the baby of the family—is in "Her Soldier Boy" cast, enacting the role of the ingenue, Desiree, where her youthful prettiness and her pretty high soprano are already attracting no little attention.

Miss Romaine herself is justly proud of the real family name—and would have gladly used had not Mamie presuaded it some seasons prior to Miss Romaine's debut. Her stage name of Romaine was chosen for her by her vocal teacher, the distinguished Madeline Rowe, of London, who built up the name "Romaine" from her own cognomen. The noted teacher made it a point that Miss Romaine should not seek to imitate any one, but should aim at the top from the start, and try for the post of dramatic soprano in Paris's great home of grand opera, the Opera Comique.

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At the outbreak of the European war, naturally, the Comique, in common with all the other musical enterprises of Paris, was compelled to close its doors. At this juncture Miss Romaine was heard at a musicale in London by J. J. Shubert, and Metro, 1416 Broadway, was offered an offer financially that Miss Romaine could not resist the temptation to try the lighter field in this country.

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Comediennes Never Young, Asserts Star

Some Aphorisms on the Art of Fun Before the Footlights

(Miss Tempest is an authority on the art of comedy, for she has done every sort of comic work ranging from the musical variety to her present vehicle, "A Lady's Name," at the Lyric tonight and next week.)

By MARIE TEMPEST

THERE are never any young comedienne. Before you can see the comedy of life or act in it, you must suffer a great deal and know the tragedy and bitterness of disappointed hopes and shattered ideals. Just as night comes before day, so grief comes before joy in the scheme of things. We have very few comedienne, because those who might become great tragic actresses do not survive the trials and sufferings which are the portion of every one who seeks historical glory.

It is only the strong who can come through the ordeal safely, with power to continue the fight. The weak go under and are never heard of again.

Comedy is technically the most difficult acting, and it takes years and years of hard work to master the mechanical side of the art of comedy. One's faith must be strong, one's courage must be strong to survive. The young actress of today is too easily discouraged and, in the majority of cases, resorts to criticism because there is not enough of her own courage to stand up to the personal friends of the artist, the people around the theater, in drawing rooms, clubs, etc.—by people who really know.

Flattery is the fashion of the day. If you do not gush over the efforts of a young actress, as a rule now she is decidedly peeved at you. Our young actresses have grown so accustomed to adulation from their friends that if you came and told them the truth about their faults they would be quite offended.

Why, in Paris, the great actors and actresses of the past generations all kept a staff of critics. I do not think that great actors can develop without constant and competent criticism. In fact, one of the reasons why we have so few great actors and actresses is because there is not enough criticism. I do not refer to press criticism, entirely, but to the criticism of others, of the personal friends of the artist, the people around the theater, in drawing rooms, clubs, etc.—by people who really know.

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IN THE AIR

The spirit of the miniature musical comedy, "The Four Husbands," as depicted by Margaret Schwalbe, is appearing at the Lyric next week.

HILDA MORGAN Coming to the Walnut in "Little Popsy O'Moore."